

IN MEMORIAM

Gilbert Patton, Better Known as Burt L. Standish

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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FRANK MERRIWELL'S FATHER

by David C. Adams
(Dare Devil Dave)

"GILBERT PATTEN DIED IN
SLEEP JANUARY 16th, 1945!"

Leisurely, I had been jotting down bits of information from various sources about Gil Patten's amazing career, when the above unexpected message brought sadness to my heart. With his written permission and help, I intended presenting a little write-up, founded upon an accurate list of this prolific author's many pen names, and perhaps a catalogue of the stories written under each one.

Mr. Patten's last letter to me, received but a few days before the Grim Reaper struck, promised that he would check up on the article when completed. Another letter indicated that he was in splendid spirits, and interested in the future publication of his autobiography, tentatively identified under the appropriate title "Frank Merriwell's Father."

So the news of his passing came as a real sorrow to me, as it undoubtedly did to a legion of friends, and all members of the Happy Hours Brotherhood, who collect and appreciate his diversified "dime novel tales." I felt some surprise at the number of men who said they learned for the first time from obituary notices, that the "Burt L. Standish" of Frank Merriwell fame was not a member of the Standish family, but was, in fact, Gilbert Patten.

Since I had written of Mr. Patten

as "the dean of living dime novel authors," it now becomes necessary to revise the text, because of his exit from the earthly stage. Probably he was the last survivor of the authors who were devoted to the Outlaw, Detective, Scout and Indian style of fiction. The work of his early years was along that line, but Gilbert Patten had the ability and courage to blazon a new path that led from the wilderness trail to the college campus.

The colorful "Gay Nineties" are often referred to, as being among the most sparkling and vivid years in the evolution of our country. Truly, that decade brings fond memories to those who lived then, and created their youthful "dream castles" amid such a glamorous setting. Of course, the wonderful, modern inventions were not yet available, but there were other good things to make life worth while.

Nickel and dime novels flourished; a real treat for the youngsters but to many conscientious parents, they loomed as a dangerous, paper-backed epidemic, mostly because of the Jesse James and "life in the rough" type of story.

But, on April 18th, 1896, emerging above the "blood and thunder" thrillers, appeared a new hero, who promptly won his way into the heart of adolescent America. His adventures in school and college directed the thoughts of impressionable youth, from crime to clean living and healthy, athletic contests. He was a good fellow of refinement, but never a goody-goody boy; a

true, young gentleman, yet, in no sense, a sissy.

Yes, Frank Merriwell was made of the right kind of stuff that kids "go for" and his popularity spread rapidly, until it was estimated that the *Tip Top Weekly* had a greater number of readers than any other such publication.

His influence was great, and most important of all, it was consistently good. He inspired boys with ambition to "make the grade" in physical, as well as mental, development. The intimate tales of life at Fardale and Yale, were an incentive that caused many a reader to yearn for a college career.

Gilbert Patten created the name, the character, and plot of Frank Merriwell. He formed a name that would embody in it three characteristics of his hero; **Frank**, on the level and above-board in action; **Merry**, high-spirited and jolly in disposition, and **Well**, wholesome and competent, in mind, body and habits.

The author chose a pseudonym for the Merriwell series, "Burt L. Standish," that later became famous in every state of the Union, and popular abroad. The name Standish was selected because of his high regard for "The Courtship of Miles Standish" by Longfellow.

Gilbert Patten was born October 25th, 1866, and christened, George William, the event taking place in Corinna, Maine. Everybody called him Willie during his childhood, which riled him plenty. His father was a large, neighborly man known as Bill to his friends, and the boy admired him, and wanted to be Bill, too.

Although he wrote his first dime novels under the name William G. Patten, he hated the William part of it, and soon dropped the first name, and turned the George to Gilbert. Young Patten had a will of his own, and after the early indulgence of his flair for a change of names, it is not so surprising that he should use several nom de plumes during his career as an author.

He said, "I was trying to write stories even before I knew how to spell some of the simplest words." And his first two stories, "A Bad Man," and "The Pride of Sandy Flat" were accepted in 1883 for publication in the *Banner Weekly*, about the time he was celebrating his 17th birthday anniversary. Only last summer, in his 77th year, and after authoring an estimated

40,000,000 words, we learn that he produced in six weeks, a full-length novel, which has not yet been published. His autobiography, recently completed, is expected to be issued in book form. The manuscript was practically accepted by McMillan, but its publication delayed because paper restrictions were established.

Young Patten's devoutly religious mother wanted her son to be a preacher. But had he become a famous minister in a great church, he could not have accomplished more, or reached the nation-wide following of adolescents, who faithfully devoured his inspiring messages of right living, effectively delivered through the original 850 Merriwell stories.

As one of his countless number of readers, who eagerly lived through the adventures of Frank, I afterward learned what I didn't realize at the time, that many valuable lessons of life were indelibly impressed upon my mind by this master craftsman of juvenile fiction.

Mr. Patten loved the many forms of athletic games he described so well. Victor Herbert was his favorite composer, and he had a keen appreciation of music. He was familiar with the standard works of many good authors, and enjoyed reading Charles Dickens. It is rather amazing how he found time to do so many things and turn out such a volume of fiction. But he lived a full life, and took an interest in everything that concerned the welfare of the younger generation, and the world in which they must win their way.

In one of his recent letters, Mr. Patten wrote, "Frankly, with no attempt at modesty, I think you rate the Merriwells much too highly. I always contended that the reading of these yarns would almost invariably lead to delight in a higher class of literature. Doing 20,000 words a week for more than seventeen years, I had no time to waste on style or even the rules of grammar. If I could not instantly think of the proper word,—the only proper word,—to use at a particular point in a sentence, I used a synonym not fully expressive of my meaning, or reconstructed the entire sentence. And dictation caused me to be stilted in dialogue, though my secretaries often were responsible for this in transcribing their shorthand notes. Also, I preached too much in the latter,—par-

ticularly in the Dick Merriwell stories. Other writers for Street & Smith attempted to follow my example and were promptly checked by the publishers, who claimed that I was the only writer for them who could preach interestingly without offence, while writing love scenes for boys and girls. But in writing this love stuff, I had to make my girls extremely colorless and unreal, which led critics to say I have no understanding of women. However, having been married three times to three different types of women, I believe I have a slight, though far from complete, understanding of the often unfair sex. Well, at least, it was congenial and happy work, though I now imagine I might have done much better, but possibly I am mistaken."

The motivating theme of his stories, beginning with Frank Merriwell's first appearance, was not the usual pursuit of fortune, but the pursuit of life as it should be lived by intelligent, civilized human beings.

In presenting the following pen names, for collectors who may be still interested in the lesser known work of Gilbert Patten, I believe I should state that I have letters from the author, to support my belief that the list is dependable. However, Mr. Patten seemed rather forgetful about "Julian St. Ives," a name under which he fancied some of his Top-Notch stories appeared. And he mentioned one story of long ago written for Norman Munro under a pen name he couldn't recall, at the moment.

Answering a question about "Hal Standish," the name authoring Fred Fearnot in "Work & Win," and which a bookman assured me also represented Patten's work, the author said:

"As I was not a reader to any extent of the Tousey publications in which the 'Hal Standish' stories appeared, I used the name of 'Standish' quite unwittingly, having absolutely overlooked its use by others, if I ever had noticed it. But, it was called to my attention some time after I began writing my Merriwells, and I eventually learned that the 'Hal Standish' pseudonym was a stock name owned by Tousey and placed on the yarns of a number of his stable of writers."

William G. Patten
William West Wilder
Wyoming Will
Lieut. R. A. Swift

Burt R. Braddock
Wyl Parton
Stanton L. Burt
Harry Dangerfield
Julian St. Dare
Morgan Scott
Gordon Maclaren
Burt L. Standish
Gilbert Patten

The above are authentic pen names of Gilbert Patten. There may be others to be added to the list. "Julian St. Ives" is mentioned with a question mark, until such time as I can verify it, when I will send "Reckless Ralph" a report.

In ending his letter, Mr. Patten seemed to be conscious of a premonition that the day of his death might be near, even though he was busy as usual. After telling of his interesting views on God and religion, he closed with:

"My tide is fast ebbing to flood no more. Fifty years from now—maybe twenty-five—I'll not even be a faint smear in the sands of time. I watch the setting sun with interest and wonder what—if anything—lies beyond the swiftly contracting horizon."

No eulogy of mine is required for our beloved Gil Patten! It could not add to, or detract from, the unique fame he attained. I believe the world is just a little better because of his presence in the ever changing March of Time. The lives of many fine "old boys," and the Annals of the American Dime Novel have been enriched by his brief moment with Frank Merriwell in the Passing Parade!

GILBERT PATTEN

by Sam E. Conner

With the death of Gilbert Patten out in Los Angeles last month, the last of the old time dime novel writers went the way all humans must at last travel. Mind, I said, one of the old time writers, for, despite the fact that many think the old dimes and writers of them are extinct, there are still dime novels and writers of them. But they're no longer so called and their format has been changed. Today they are known as "pulp," take form of a magazine, the bulk of which is a 20,000 word yarn of the strictly old dime style, with three, possible four 3,000 word shorts following. Instead of being published weekly they come out monthly or twice

a month, but they're dimes, as any reader of the old timers will agree, after reading them.

Incidentally, let me mention that living within 20 miles of where this is being written is one of the most prolific of these modern writers, Walter Gibson creator of "The Shadow."

But I started to talk of Gil Patten, creator of Frank and Dick Merriwell, better known to novel readers as Burt L. Standish. Knowing him well, having discussed his work with him many times, I have a hunch that I understood what he aimed at better than a lot of those chaps who saw him for an hour or half a day, made some notes and wrote stories about him, producing in 17 years 889 separate stories, aggregating practically 18,000,000 words.

His great pride was in that he built a boy who could be held up as a model for all youngsters to pattern after, yet was in every way a genuine boy; nothing of the sissy about him. He never had him preach, gave him short comings which made his great decency stick out the stronger and other lads to desire to be like him.

While Patten got his greatest reputation from writing Frank Merriwell stories, it is well to keep in mind that he wrote a great deal of other stuff. Before he started Merriwell he was a successful writer of dimes, westerners and others, and an associate of Col. Prentis Ingraham, Oil Coomes, Edward L. Wheeler, Ned Buntline and others of the old timers. As a matter of fact, when, in answer to a request from Street & Smith, that he originated a new boy hero for them, he took Col. Ingraham's formula for starting a story, in opening the sample story. He created a situation and then let the tale develop from there on.

His first story was a short, sold to the old "Banner Weekly" for \$3. His second went to the same publication for the same price. His third was a short novel, which brought him \$75 and his fourth was a full length novel for which he was paid \$150.

His only stories published under the name of Burt L. Standish were those about Merriwell. All others, outside the early dimes, were under his own name, Gilbert Patten. The explanation of this is that the pen name Standish was owned by Street & Smith, so that if anything happened that Patten failed to provide a manuscript on time some

other writer in their stable would take over and fill the gap.

Patten never attended college, but he made such a study of Yale in connection with the Merriwell stories, that when, as he did later, he wrote other books of life at Yale, many alumni of that institution would not accept his assurance that he had never attended the university.

Gil. Patten was a human a person as, ever wrote a word. He loved sports, young people and old as well. He abhorred meanness in personality and was always ready to help another. In every way he was a swell chap and the world has lost a fine personality in his passing.

A TRIBUTE TO GIL PATTEN

by James E. Knott

The passing of Gilbert Patten on Jan. 16th, of this year breaks another link in the chain which connects us oldsters with our past. A past made glamorous first by the deeds of Frank Merriwell and later on by the adventures of his scarcely less talented half brother Dick. The astounding exploits of this gifted pair were brought to us each week within the covers of Tip-Top Weekly.

All the more to be regretted is the fact that it is one of the last links which brings back to us our boyhood days and as Merle Johnson writes in his "High Spots of American Literature"—"Reminiscence of childhood has perennial claim for older readers."

This is very true altho the Merriwell Saga is not mentioned among the "High Spots of American Literature." It was probably not literature but it had a tremendous audience and there were living today thousands who remember it with enthusiasm and affection in spite of any literary short comings. It remains and should remain a definite part of America.

I had the privilege and honor of knowing Mr. Patten quite well particularly during the past ten years, having made his acquaintance when I was starting to collect—for sentimental reasons—the Tip Top Weeklies. He helped me greatly with my collection and our acquaintance progressed so that we had many a talk together about the old days. I visited him at his former home in Camden, Maine, and

he visited me at my place in New London, Connecticut. Many an anecdote he told me as we discussed other juvenile writers—Ellis, Stratemeyer, Castlemon. He never tired of talking about one whom he particularly admired and liked greatly—the late Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, of Dime Novel fame.

Gil Patten aside from Burt L. Standish was an excellent story teller and conversationalist. He was kindly and considerate and he faced a great deal of trouble in his later years cheerfully and uncomplainingly. I shall always treasure the memory of our friendship and remember our talks together just as I do the Merriwell stories which brought me so much pleasure years ago.

It is my hope that his name will live on in the future—yes after the present generation now middle aged, of his readers, pass on after him. I base my hope on his creation of a super-athlete, an unattainable ideal perhaps but one that was not such a bad model to hold up to his thousands of youthful readers and who certainly entranced these readers for a long period. The Merriwell Saga ran from 1896 to 1912, sixteen years, and could quite possibly include two generations of readers. It is doubtful if any single reader has read the entire Saga—I mean the Tip Top Weeklies from No. 1 to No. 850. But the parts that were read will always be remembered—not as literary masterpieces, for they were not that, but as one of the great enjoyments of boyhood.

I send this appreciation of Gil Patten to a paper that I know he always read and was interested in. When I first met him he shortly afterwards sent me a copy of it suggesting I might find it useful while collecting Tip Top. In his last letter to me, which I received but a few days before the news of his death, he mentions my correction of the authorship of "The Gold of Flat Top Mountain" in a little article I contributed on the "Golden Argosy."

There were many columns appearing in the press throughout the country regarding his death—the Merriwells were revived by many re-write men and well known columnists. Nowhere however, I am certain, could a more sympathetic hearing be secured, a more intimate feeling be aroused than among the readers of the Round-Up.

"THE PASSING OF 'BURT L' STANDISH"

by Robert H. Smeltzer

We are all hurt by the "passing on" of a friend, and so it was that the news of the farewell to us all of dear Gil Patten has left a deep void in our ranks; as it is, the old landmarks are so few and far between.

How many oldsters were shocked by this grievous news it would be hard to figure out, considering that the Frank Merriwell stories in "Tip Top Weekly" began in 1896, 49 years ago, continuing on, week by week, until about 1907, when Dick Merriwell was the star of the series; then followed by Frank Merriwell Jr.

Patten's production of tales was prolific, so we must agree that night after night he was forced to burn the candle at both ends: his T. T. production in all amounting to a total of about twenty five million (25,000,000) words.

A "Genius," did I hear you say; yes a genius indeed; a gem of the "first water," so to speak. His lifetime production, including other stories, total about 40,000,000 words, so it seems that he ignored a lot of the pleasures of the world in making that marvelous record.

Patten was a "friendly" man. I do not say that from hearsay, but from actual experience. I never had the pleasure of meeting him "face to face," but through correspondence, and I have in my possession a large photo, autographed "Burt L. Standish" (Gil Patten), to my friend Bob Smeltzer.

Mebbe a lot of readers remember his two (2) articles in the Saturday Evening Post. "Yes." Well, Gil had a "final shot" in his locker, for the Post, and, as I residing in the City of Brotherly Love, he wondered if I would, or could, have any influence with the editor of the "Post," to allow him to chronicle his windup. I tried to put it across with the editor, but he said "not for a while."

Mebbe, again, most of you boys have a copy of "The Saga of Burt L. Standish." I have and it is a "museum" item in my dime novel archives.

Lastly I say "Requiescat in Pace," pard of us all, may your soul now be in the "Halls of Valhalla," after so many years of faithful endeavor to lead our youth in the right direction.

Buy War Stamps & Bonds

FRANK MERRIWELL'S PARENT; OR, PATTEN, THE PARAMOUNT

(J. P. Guinon.)

When Gilbert Patten died January 16, 1945, there passed from the world of literature not only the last of the so-called "dime novel" writers, but, from the standpoint of good accomplished, the greatest of all writers of fiction for young readers.

Other authors may have written stories phrased in purer English, the plots of which were less hackneyed, better constructed, or more smoothly and accurately developed and presented than those by Gilbert Patten. But, with few exceptions, these stories exerted little of the influence and effect on the reader that Patten's did, and none of them succeeded, except in a transient way, in imparting more than a fraction of the amount of beneficial teaching that Patten's Merriwell tales somehow instilled into his young readers. Since a man is judged by what he accomplishes, the palm must go to Patten as the only writer of stories for American youth who not only aroused in his readers the ambition to become healthy, courageous and upright citizens, but kept that ambition alive, not merely for days or weeks, but through months and years. And it was this unique quality that placed Patten's stories of the Merriwells far ahead of all competition.

Other writers thought they had done enough by furnishing a well-composed, exciting tale in the conventional style of that day, or one that smugly and virtuously pictured the difference between good and bad, but Patten did not consider that sufficient if the reader was expected to benefit from the story. It was not enough, in his opinion, to arouse the reader's interest unless that interest could be built up into genuine enthusiasm, in the midst of which the moral could be so subtly "put across" that the reader would accept it without feeling conscious that he had been "preached to." Patten felt sure that stories of this type could accomplish much.

That Patten, with his stories of the adventure of Frank Merriwell, succeeded in his efforts to influence young readers is now an admitted fact, the admissions coming today, thirty-five years later, from men who declare that through their desire to emulate the

Merriwells they foreswore many things in their youth that almost certainly would have done them no good, meanwhile deriving much benefit from their attempts to develop for themselves the "finely trained mind in a finely trained body" possessed by their hero.

Patten himself, however, admitted that until Frank Merriwell began to click as a hero of fiction who had captured the imagination, loyalty and worship of American youth as no other character had ever done, the author was just another writer of cheap fiction. Then he began reading the letters written in to the publishers of the Merriwell stories by enthused young Merriwell followers, and realized that a wonderful opportunity had come to him. From that time Patten had a mission, as he expressed it, to teach the coming generation something of the "pursuit of life as it should be lived by intelligent, civilized human beings." Into that mission he put everything he had, and it called for a lot, including a twenty to twenty-five-thousand-word story every week for sixteen years. But Patten, once started, never slackened his efforts. He knew, from his readers' letters, that he was accomplishing something, although he never was entirely satisfied with results. It came to him as a great surprise in his later years that he had in reality accomplished much more than he had ever hoped for. He said in a letter to the writer of this article:

"It is today a wonder and a marvel to me when I meet a man only a few years younger than myself, as I so often do, who tells me that he grew up on the Merriwells, and that they were a profound influence in his life."

A few more words from Patten himself, taken from correspondence between the Merriwell creator and the writer of this article, will give its readers at least a glimpse of what Patten had in mind as he labored to make his famous characters more and more popular with his young readers, knowing that he could teach them the lessons he wished to impart by example only and not by "preaching" — and using the Merriwells as an example:

"I made Frank Merriwell tolerant and broad-minded, and let him teach by example" he wrote, "while I did my preaching in the stories by injecting or interpolating it into the narrative. I flopped with Dick Merriwell when I

permitted him to preach verbally instead of by example."

"And did I have a struggle with my publishers and editors to induce them to permit me to depict character! Again and again they asserted that I was wasting space and slowing the pace of the stories. Boys and girls wanted action and movement, they declared. For answer, I always pointed to the letters from readers of the yarns. In their letters the readers never talked much about the stories themselves, but the characters seemed to be, for them, actual living persons."

In a short article such as this it is not possible to elaborate on, or even properly develop, such a subject, and that fact is to be regretted, as it could, handled capably and at more length, become a most absorbing and thrilling account of a great mission perceived, accepted and successfully accomplished. Perhaps this country today needs another Merriwell. The problem of juvenile delinquency is only one of the many vexing questions concerning American youth that is troubling their elders. It may be that such a thought was in Patten's mind when he wrote, in another letter, while deploring his inability at his age to attack the problem:

"If I had the strength and driving force I would attempt some lectures on youth and crime of the present day. I don't know that they would go over, but I believe the attempt should be made by some one equipped for the job. It is a big subject to tackle, however, and would require a lot of preparation."

Great as Frank Merriwell was, he was no greater than the man who created and sustained him.

We are constantly on the lookout for great surgeons, scientists, inventors and leaders in other fields, and acclaim them when they are discovered. But if each generation could produce just one man like Gilbert Patten, as capable as he is influencing youth in the right direction, we need have no concern over the supply of men and women needed as leaders in other lines. They would be plentiful.

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

He's gone, our one and only Gil Patten, Burt L. Standish, of Frank and

Dick Merriwell fame, and the only living author, as well as Honorary Member No. 104, passed away in his sleep, the morning of Jan. 16th, 1945, at his son's ranch, out in Vista, Calif., down Mexico way. We're all going to miss this colorful friend a lot, as none of us realized how dear he was to us all, before he died. He has joined up with his many friends of the past, some of them, Col. Prentiss Ingraham Pawnee Bill Lillie, and many others of the old circle, may his soul rest in peace, wherever he is, God Bless him.

Have received some fine letters, regarding the death of our beloved writer of our 5 Penny Novel, Tip Top Weekly, and others for whom he wrote.

Glenn H. Henderson, Box 356, Lock Haven, Pa., wrote me the following.—Dear Ralph: Following up our letter to you of several days ago, on the passing of Gilbert Patten, I conceived an idea which I hope you will share with me. Let's start now to solicit from the members of the Happy Hours Club towards erecting a suitable plaque or simple memorial at Mr. Patten's grave. It could simply read something like this:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
AND DEEP APPRECIATION OF
GILBERT PATTEN
(BURT L. STANDISH)
CREATOR OF FRANK MERRIWELL
OF THE FAMOUS
TIP TOP WEEKLY STORIES
THIS MEMORIAL ERRECTED BY
MEMBERS OF HAPPY HOURS
BROTHERHOOD

If you think this is O. K. let's give it some publicity in the Roundup. A dollar from each member would get a fine bronze plate. Here's my dollar as a starter. Sincerely, Glenn H. Henderson.

Now fellows think this over, and either write to Brother Henderson, or ye editor, your views on this matter.

Bill Burns, of Rockland, Maine, says a memorial of some sort, or a plaque should be sent to Gib's birthplace at Corina, or to Camden, Maine, where he wrote his first novel.

Think it over fellows and let us know what is on your mind, or what you think is the best to do?

I received clippings from many of the members, and I thank you all, and my only wish is, that I could use them all in Round-Up, but our paper being so small, we have to go slow, and pick

the best items we can.

Note the several fine articles in this issue.

H. O. Jacobson writes of what the Chicago Tribune wrote upon the death of Gil Patten, and it really shows what a leading newspaper believes in Patten's contribution to our countries progress.

T. Kenneth Meadway, of Boyertown, Pa., sent me a nice article clipped from the Phila Record, or was it The Bulletin, any way, it tells all about when the Merries beat the Phillies in a 1901 10 to 0.

David Adams writes, "We will miss him, but we'll never forget the author of "Frank Merriwell." God rest his soul!

J. H. Ambruster writes, there never will be another Merriwell!

Charles Bragin says, talk about dime novel "writeups," there were easily 500 of them the week Patten died, every newspaper of any size had something about him.

Bob Smeltzer says, if I can print his article, it will be a worthy tribute to one of our Pals, whom we all loved and adored, with great affection. Arvid Dahlstedt, J. H. Ambruster, Messier, Orphall, Austin, Jonas, Guinon, Henderson, and many other fellows sent in clippings, which I thank you all.

See the fine articles enclosed, written by dear friends, such as James Knatt, Bob Smeltzer, Sam Conner, David Adams, and Guinon.

Joseph Krajic says he loved Tip Top and the applause columns.

C. Arthur Neetz visited with Ralph Smith, Dec. 9th, and ye editor the 19th, and with Edward & Hilman LeBlanc, Jan. 1. All had a fine time chatting over the old timers.

Bill Burns has Nos. 1 to 51 of Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls Wkly. Who can help him get Nos 52 to end?

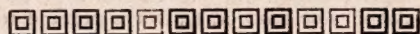
Danny Livingston of "Popular Hobbies," sent in a clipping from the Los Angeles Examiner, 1-2-45, on E. V. Durling's column, on questions and answers. Some one asked if he ever read any Frank Merriwell Stories, A.—I read all of them. Also read the yarns about Fred Farnot, Frank Reade, Old King Brady and the James Boys in Missouri.

There's a new company started up, with a complete line of Old Firearms, at 1776 Firearms Co., 85 Washington St., Boston, Mass. I hear its quite a place to get old firearms.

NEW MEMBER wants information re J. BERGAUS artist on TOUSEY novels 1895 to 1902

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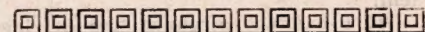


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